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muy bonito tengo unas barbas muy largas y me deben nombrar a mí rey de los animales, porque soy muy respetable. Y se fué y reunió a los animales y les dijo:—Ya ven que tengo yo mis barbas y mi cara es imponente a mí me deben nombrar rey de Uds. en lugar del león, porque yo soy mejor que él y más bonito. Y los animales le dijeron que sí pero algunos fueron a ver al león y le contaron que el chivo hablaba mal de él, diciéndole, que él no debería ser rey, porque el tenía una cara muy imponente y el león no. Entonces el león fué a ver al chivo y le dijo que que andaba diciéndole de él. Pero entonces el chivo le dió miedo la figura del león se le apeó por las orejas y le dijo: — No hermanito yo no he dicho nada, ya sabes te quiero; pero es que todos los cabrones somos habladores.

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LEGENDS OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK. — The island of Chappaquiddick, lying to the east of Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, is one of the least accessible spots on the New England coast. It is reached from Edgartown by ferry (a row-boat); and the ferry-bell on Chappaquiddick point has been for many years the delight of summer-visitor artists, while the non-artistic have also experienced a certain æsthetic thrill as they tugged at its frayed rope and murmured, "Frightfully quaint!" The excellent bathing-beach, a little to the east of the point, is also well known to all summer visitors. Some of them have even gone so far as to climb the little look-out tower on the hill above the beach, and to gaze out over the miles of wind-swept dunes that lie between Cape Poge Light and Washqua Bluff. But that is all. Save for such a fleeting survey, the island is *terra incognita*.

We may imagine the summer visitor's effusive raptures if he could know that Chappaquiddick has its local legends of the supernatural; that many a spot along the windy shore, many a lonely island thicket of hazel or ragged clump of scrub-oak, is *haunted*. Such is indeed the case, but the summer visitor will never know it. These stories belong to the category of things too precious to be exhibited to the casual stranger: —

" 'twere profanation
To tell the laity our love."

But in the island farm-house at dead of winter, before the open fire, — that is another matter. On such an occasion tongues are unsealed, and one may hear of the Phantom Ship, of the treasure buried beneath the Blue Rock, and even, if his host be uncommonly communicative, of the Haunted Hollow and of the Little Man. These last two stories are of quite superior quality, and seem worth setting down here.

In the Haunted Hollow, over a century ago, stood a house where a somewhat mysterious woman lived alone with her three children. She does not appear to have been precisely an estimable character, but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. At all events, she was in the habit of locking the children in the house at night and going down to the point, and across the ferry to Edgartown. She did this once too often. The children, it is supposed, somehow set the house on fire, and, being unable to get out, were burned to death. Of their mother's emotions and of her subsequent history, nothing is told. But — and here is the strange part of the story — every spring, along in

May and June, just about dusk, the voices of the three children may be heard crying down in the Haunted Hollow. Superstition! Nonsense! No doubt, but let him scoff who, knowing the legend, has sauntered by the Haunted Hollow of a May evening and felt no quickening pulse.

The Little Man is something more than a voice. He can be seen; and some time, when you are walking alone across the Chappaquiddick moors, you may encounter him. He is very small and very strange-looking. Those who have seen him are unable to say more of his physical appearance. But you may know him by his manner. He never speaks: he approaches you, looks at you oddly, and then points off across the sea. You will naturally look in the direction in which he points, — people always do, — and when you look back, he will be gone. Vanished, absolutely! No trace of him anywhere. The story is told of a certain Edgartown man, a lover of practical jokes, that he once asked a Chappaquiddick farmer, "Who was that little man that I saw down in your field?" — "I don't know. Why?" was the rather indifferent answer. "Well, I just wondered. He was sort of queer-looking. I thought I knew everybody in town, but I never saw him before." — "What did he say to you?" asked the farmer, showing a little more interest. "Why, that was the queer part of it. He didn't say a word; he just pointed. Of course, I looked to see what he was pointing at, and then" — "Yes, yes, what then?" — "Why, he was gone. I don't know what became of him. He must have gone off pretty quick." — "There now!" cried the farmer, excitedly. "You've seen it! Now maybe folks won't say there's no such thing! I've seen it, and my father saw it, and now you've seen it!"

I myself have never heard the strange cries in the Haunted Hollow; I have never seen the "little man;" but I have heard the noise of frogs on a still night in spring, and I have heard the mournful cry of the owl. At night, in the Haunted Hollow, such sounds might well prove disturbing.

As for the "little man," I have a notion as to the particular family of elves to which he belongs. An old Scottish ballad (No. 38 in the Child collection) begins thus: —

"As I was walking all alone,
Between a water and a wa,
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
And he was the least that ere I saw."

The narrator has some conversation with the wee wee man, and follows him to a fairy palace which has a roof of beaten gold. But, note the *denouement!*

"When we came to the stair-foot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa."

Can it be that this Scottish spirit is now acclimated in the lonely fields of Chappaquiddick? It may be so, for time and space mean little to these unsubstantial beings. And I confess to a kind of hope that some day (as I am not a summer visitor) I may stumble upon that gold-roofed fairy palace — on Chappaquiddick.

BEN C. CLOUGH.